To win your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnleſſe thou couldſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
King. Infer faire Englands peace by this alliance.
Qu. Which ſhe ſhall purchaſe with ſtill laſting war.
King. Say that the king which may commaund intreats.
Qu. That at her hands, which the kings king forbid.
King. Say ſhe ſhalbe a high and mightie Queene.
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
King. Say I will loue her euerlaſtingly.
Qu. But how long ſhall that title euer laſt?
King. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end.
Qu. But how long fairely ſhall her ſweet life laſt?
King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.
King. Say I her ſoueraigne am her ſubiect loue.
Qu. But ſhe your ſubiect loaths ſuch ſoueraigntie.
King. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt being plainly told.
Kin. Then in plaine termes tell her my louing tale.
Qu. Plaine and not honeſt is too harſh a ſtile.
King. Madam your reaſons are too ſhallow & too quicke
Qu. O no, my reaſons are too deepe and dead.
Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue.
King. Harpe on it ſtill ſhal I, till hartſtrings breake.
King. Now by my George, my Garter and my Crowne.
Qu. Prophand, diſhonourd, and the third vſurped.
King. I ſweare by nothing.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath.
The George prophand, hath loſt his holy honor:
The Garter blemiſht, pawnd his knightlie vertue:
The crowne vſurpt, diſgrac't his kinglie dignitie,
If ſomething thou wilt ſweare to be beleeude.
Sweare then by ſomething that thou haſt not wrongd.
King. Now by the world,
Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

King. My

King. My fathers death.
Qu. Thy life hath that diſhonord.
King. Then by my ſelfe.
Qu. Thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe miſuſeſt.
King. Why, then by God.
Qu. Gods wrong is moſt of all,
If thou hadſt feard, to breake an oath by him,
The vnitie the king my brother made,
Had not bene broken, nor my brother ſlaine.
If thou hadſt feard to breake an oath by him,
The emperiall mettall circling now thy brow,
Had graſt the tender temples of my childe,
And both the Princes had bene breathing here,
Which now, two tender play-fellowes for duſt,
Thy broken faith, hath made a praie for wormes.
King. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou haſt wrongd in time orepaſt,
For I my ſelfe, haue many teares to waſh,
Hereafter time, for time, by the paſt wrongd,
The children liue, whoſe parents thou haſt ſlaughtred,
Vngouernd youth, to waile it in their age,
The parents liue, whoſe children thou haſt butcherd,
Old withered plants, to waile it with their age,
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou haſt
Miſuſed, eare vſed, by time miſuſed orepaſt.
King. As I intend to proſper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt,
Of hoſtile armes, my ſelfe, my ſelfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy reſt,
Be oppoſite, all planets of good lucke,
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculatd deuocion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her conſiſts my happineſſe and thine,
Without, her follows to this land and me,
To thee, her ſelfe, and many a Chriſtian ſoule,
Sad deſolation, ruine, and decaie,
It cannot be auoyded but by this,